

# **Boogie Down Productions Lyrics**

## **"The Original Way"**

Intro:[KRS]

Yes all ruffneck youth hold tight

all brooklyn man hold tight

all Uptown crew hold tight

all Bronx man seckle

I.C.U. in da house, Darren in da house

D Square in da house, Freddie Foxx in da house

Kenny Parker you know you run beats for years

It's the Blastmaster KRS One stompin all sucka dj crew

Of course you hear all commerrialized album

but we come down ruffneck and wicked in the B.D.P. laboratory

On the sex and violence tip this year for 1992

Lick all shots

BOUYAKA!

All crew hold tight...nuff respect

nuff respect to all hardcore dj

no respect to all commercial dj

we bust shots all the way over to the west coast...see

now we gonna come down ruffneck, for the day

cuz its because B.D.P. crew dont play

Come Down! Kenny Parker cuz you know you a ruffneck

A one-two yeah, one-two hah and ya dont stop

we gon rock this beat til ya drop

now we gon kick it a lil somethin like this yall

we got Freddie Foxx and Krs One on the microphone

something ya not, ya not ready for as of yet

Now check it out

Chorus

Tribe Called Quest has a title(TITLE!)

Kid Capri dem have a title(TITLE!)

Flavor Unit has a title(TITLE)

EPMD dem have a title(TITLE)

BUCK BUCK BUCK!

Me a de don-don, de don-dong, de dong-dong diggide

de dong-dong, de dong-dong, de dong-dong diggide

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

now Freddie Foxx...you know you get ill jus

get on the mic cuz your programmed to kill!

[Freddie FOXX]

Check this shit out, this is for my man Blastmaster Krs One

and if you ever have a son, Im a buy him a gun

Check this out

Give that microphone

so I can take it to the front line  
cuz In a rap war, I shoot off rhymes  
and sound off a park like an M-16  
when I hit the scene, suckas turn green  
cuz I take the microphone and then I disrespect it  
and then I disect it,  
put it back together  
lyrics or knuckles man whatever  
cuz you tried to step into a lyrical punch  
I had you all for lunch and took a shit  
out came a hit,  
you suckas betta quit  
Fuckin wit Freddie Foxx you get licked

now listen all respect due to the Blastmaster Krs One  
Now Im done.....

[krs]

yes but of course, you could never be done  
because we a de number 1  
so check it out...

Chorus

Tribe Called Quest has a title(TITLE!)  
Flavor Unit has a title(TITLE!)  
Nice and Smooth has a title(TITLE!)

Kid Capri dem have a title(TITLE!)

BUCK BUCK BUCK!

Me a de don-don, de don-don, de don-don diggide

de don-don, de don-don, de don-don diggide

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Check it out...

[Krs]

Now all type things that went on this evening

they all say they fresh but I'm here now

who you believin

who couldn't hear a hit if you hit up

what a pity, you tried to be quick wit the tongue

your style is dibbie-dibbie

you need no lyrical rush in your mumblin

whatchu sayin?

I serve you up like stove top stuffing

I'm gonna say this once and I mean this

disattach yaself from my penis

give my genitals room to breathe

you take shots at me wit a weak album I cant believe

you got no skills, chill plus your corny

you think your hardcore cuz you got a 40?

my car is not tint

I dont eat wit a chip

when I read I dont squint

in real life I got the hard shit

you cant out grow me

you don't even know me

I be leavin the jam wit your black ass as a trophy

this is nobodys style but the teacher

so dont compare me to none of these creatures, features

feature and battle rappers

krs one is the head clapper

### Chorus

Nice & Smooth dem have a title(TITLE)

Flavor Unit has a title(TITLE)

Nice & Smooth dem have a title(TITLE)

Kid Capri have a title

Buck! Buck! Buck!

Me a de don-don, de don-don, de don-don diggide

de don-don, de don-don, de don-don diggide

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

### Outro:

Yes all roughneck youth hold tight

1992 style and we come down roughneck and wicked

rock all night rip up the mic

now we take you over to Kid Capri up in the park

Come Down Kid Capri

[Kid Capri]

Ladies and Gentlemen without further adue

put your hands together for my motherfuckin main man

ooh..ha ha ha..you know where that comes from right??

that comes from the parties and blowin up

Ladies and Gentlemen my peoples

B D P

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Duck Down"

You say ah-one for the trouble, two for the time  
Ah-come on y'all, let's rock that...

Duck! or wind up down!!  
Fiyah! huh  
Pal joey in the house, d square in the house  
Check it out

You're stuck up, your luck's up, you fucked up, you're mud up  
You can't even jump up, so shut the fuck up  
Whattup? tough love, buck buck bucka  
Is all you're gonna hear when krs-one step up  
I'm thick like syrup, no, I'm not ? kura?  
Sit back and relax and watch the krs era  
No I won't let up, because of how I'm set up  
I come in the jam with the crazy fresh lyrics so you get up  
Mc's get wet up, they met up with atypical  
Subliminal, I'm original metaphysical criminal minder  
Fighter, petty gangster that flips em neither  
I simply grab the mic and make the party get liver  
I'ma, rhymer, with a tim-er attack  
To your mind, a reminder of what kind of headliner  
You'll see, when you come to the show  
Blastmaster krs-one, leo -- the lion  
Cryin mc's they be cryin  
When they sizzle in a big pot grease beggin, "please, please!"  
But I'll be efficient and flexin wisdom cuisine  
Then dismiss it as kris and kenny  
Rockin many, good n plenty  
Any mc tests me gets done  
Lyrically hung, I surgically remove his tongue  
Lyrics by krs-one

Duck! sucker mc's duck!  
Bo! duck down!  
Sucker mc's duck!  
Duck! sucker mc's duck down!

I don't battle to lose or win, I battle  
To ruin your whole career, yo, watch what you doin  
I'm permanent punk, like a metallic marker  
Krs-one, but you'll call me mr. parker  
A pity I'm k-r, you ain't no superstar

Ha ha hee hee, blastmaster krs-one be  
Ripping up mc's with their meaningless words, y'know  
There's more wit, to one of my turds of shit  
You ain't shit, you never was shit  
So I spit, on your number one hit, now quit!  
Leave the poetry, it's just too strong for thee  
Maybe we should rethink the strategy see  
Poetry I speak, fluently I think youse a sucker  
Cause the only word you know is motherfucker  
Yo, you don't see a whole race in bondage  
No, you grab the microphone and feed em garbage  
Yo, everything about me is fresher than fresher  
Than fresher than fresh, of course it's krs  
Flashing lyrics, metaphysics, unlike you idiots  
Be doing, I'm pursuing, chewing your whole crew  
And what you feel like doin, your face they be ungluin  
Like a gift, don't step to krs, you're dismissed!

Duck! duck!  
Sucker mc's duck down!  
Duck! bo!  
Ree-winnnnnd!!

Duck! bo!

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Drug Dealer"

All over the world...

Chorus:

Black drug dealer, you have to wise up  
And organize your business so that we can rise up  
If your gonna sell crack then don't be a fool  
Organize your money and open up a school

Verse one:

Drug dealer, understand historical fact  
Every race got ahead from sellin drugs except black  
We are under attack, here comes another cold fact  
In the 30's and 40's a drug dealer wasn't black  
They were jewish, italian, irish, polish, etc. etc.

Now in 90 their live's a lot better  
They'll sell you a sweater, a pair of pants cold hearted  
But first sellin drugs and killin people is how they started  
Drug dealer, black and hispanic, stop killin one another

Cause in the ghetto we're all brothers  
Organized economically, understand the psychology  
America is the drug monopoly  
They own the block and kill your brother for  
Therefore, we got the same enemy - what's more, I go on tour  
But who do you think picks up the bill?  
A hard workin fireman? chill

Repeat chorus 2x

Verse two:

Eighty percent of american business is created illegally  
This is a fact I don't ask you to believe in me  
If you're really in the drug game to win it  
Eventually you're gonna get shot, open a clinic  
Again, if you're really in the drug game to win it  
Invest in a prison, therefore you can be put in it  
Everyone else did it now they chillin  
Above the law, while your under the law still killin  
One another, wake up my hispanic brother, my african brother  
America's not your mother  
Or your father, so don't bother with right or wrong

Just check out the logic in the song  
Organize, realize, become unhypnotized  
To the lies that your livin for the get high  
See many people have forgotten the fact  
That america was never ever built for black  
So when some people are gonna run and buy crack  
Take the money and put it back into black  
It's only logic, see krs-one will rock it  
With knowledge, education for the people I'll never stop it  
Organize and legitimize your business  
Remember, everybody else did this

Repeat chorus 2x

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Like A Throttle"

[krs-one]

\*snapping fingers and singing\*

Ha ha, hah hah! da-doo-doo-doo, do-doo

You wanna test me are you stupid?

Gotta be out of your fuckin mind

Krs-one is the don, seen?

Come down kenny park-ah!!

Hahaha, you know

I don't know what your management be tellin you

I don't know what your producers be tellin you

But yo, you step this way

You're gettin played, out of position

So let me give you a little style

Check it out

Everytime krs-one steps in the jam

The party is packed, he got the mic in his hand

Brooklyn's ready uptown's in the house

Kenny drops the beat and we turn the party out

That's it! none of the gimmicks, tricks, oh it's

You either have the hits, or the crazy hype lyrics

But mc's come half-assed, and lookin pitiful

None of em lyrical but their ego is critical

Like I said I'm not a muslim but to allah I'm obedient

Some mc's on the mic become muslims when it's convenient

And I've seen it!

Real muslims praise allah, and they mean it

Others are dreamin it with sex me and do me and

I'd rather listen to the brand nubians

You know it's funny everybody wants money

And material things from cars and chicken wings

When they sing, they sing for the cash

They fail to realize, respect will outlast cash

You get respect by bein creative

And yes a native to your audience, so you know reality

In other words, if you ain't a gangsta why play you a gangsta?

If you ain't a hoe, why sell sex?

If you believe in allah, how is it you can only work when there's a check?

All of this is incorrect

First should always come respect

The charts are not equal to the respect of the people

Their respect doesn't weeb or wobble  
They know the difference from an artist and a lip-syncin model  
Right on stage, you'll get a bottle  
You're-holding-my-dick-like-a-throttle

I'm the freshest thing on the mic don't mess with me  
I'm fresher than your grandmother's fried chicken recipe  
Don't test me, you ain't a chemist and I sure ain't chemistry  
You're not a mathematician and my name ain't geometry  
You're no astronomer why see me as astronomy  
But I'm a parker so I'll play you like monopoly  
Don't entertain the thought of droppin me  
To think of me as anything less than your teacher  
Crazy you got to be  
These type of lyrical styles cannot be said sloppily  
I rip it up constantly  
You're-holding-my-dick-like-a-throttle

The teacher will come, again and again and again and again  
To set the trend and lend to other men a perfect blend  
So-when-their-lyrics-finish-krs-one-just-begin  
Ripping up sucker teachers put their courage to an end  
So once again, the trendsetter comes a lot better  
Forever too clever for a petty mc in leather  
Whenever they decide, whatever I'm in sync  
The lyrics I write, help me think  
To guide ink off the paper through the air smack in your face  
And erase in haste the rhymes you embrace  
Just in case, get the fuck out my face I run this place  
You're lucky you're from the same race  
A simple technique will keep you on beat  
With the style from the street you compete with the elite  
That's weak -- flashin gold and can't speak  
I seek the direction of the brown complexion  
So every year, I appear somewhere  
That you hear my dear to get one thing clear  
Whether on welfare or millionaire  
Don't step to this here or you outta here  
Allow me now to please change the gear  
? and-pick-up-the-mic-you-missed-those-happen-around-me-have-me-feared, come!?  
? we come in the dance we haffa likka of a shot an towah?  
Let's get back to the hip-hop  
You come into the place you can't look in my face  
Cause the light is bright and I'm towering in height  
See there are millions of stars in the sky  
When the sun appears none are visible to the eye  
Why, the reason is the sun is the sun  
You can't possibly rock, until I'm done  
And finished, and like the evening I'll fade

But when I return you'll cry for more shade  
So check the dancestyle cause I am not  
Softening up it's time that I rock and sing  
Not about my ding-a-ling-a-ling!  
But instead bring intellect pon ting  
Cause you can inject ignorance in rap  
But kenny parker ain't tryin to hear that

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Build & Destroy"

[kenny]yeah.. whoo! aiyyo will?  
[will]whassup kenny?  
[kenny]i got a serious problem man  
[will]what's the problem?  
[kenny]yo after all these years of rippin shit  
These suckers still try to front!  
[will]but check this out we've been on tour  
With everybody so I don't know why they frontin  
[kenny]everybody!  
Y'all be in every party I be in every jam  
I see they faces and they look at me and front  
[will]they come to every show and know we  
Break shit up all the time  
[kenny]you know what.. yo kris, what's your opinion?

[krs-one]  
Yo, I love the way I am and can't nobody out here change me  
Rearrange me, tame me, try to game me, you don't play me  
When I grab the mic then shock the party spot  
Your rhymes are flip-flop, I'll rock, hip-hop  
Non-stop, me nah stop rock  
You can touch this, but you'll get shot  
Now what's this all about? kris and humanity  
In my face you're happy, on vinyl you're mad at me  
Yo, pro-blackness is your solution  
But I don't really know about that style you using yo  
Too many teachers in the class spoil the class  
After awhile you got blabbering fucking fools  
That's worse than always talking about sex, let's build  
It ain't enough to study clarence 13x  
The white man ain't the devil I promise  
You want to see the devil take a look at clarence thomas  
Now you're saying, "who? " like you a owl  
Throw in the towel, the devil is colin powell  
You talk about being african and being black  
Colin powell's black, but libya he'll attack  
Libya's in africa, but a black man  
Will lead a black man, to fight against his homeland  
An accomplice to the devil is a devil too  
The devil is anti-human, who the hell are you?  
I lecture and rap without rehearsal  
I manifest as a black man but I'm universal  
The capital k, small r-i-s

Capital p, small a-r, capital k, small e-r

We are, the star

Without the use of a car we go far

I build and destroy!

[kenny]yeah kris, serve em man, serve em!

[will]yo why're they so jealous of bdp?

[kenny]i don't know will.. yo don't get mad, get fresh man!

[will]word

[krs]don't ever try to challenge bdp!

[kenny]man.. just shut the fuck up and listen!

[krs-one]

This shit is crazy! your remarks don't faze me!

People have a problem with me, cause I ain't lazy

I talk on vinyl then I act

What have you done, besides critique krs-one?

I create organizations

Without organization, there'll be no black nation

What the fuck are you really saying?

You ain't a human while your music's boomin anti-human

I'm assumin -- if you ain't human you're a beast

The white man could be the devil all the day, that's the least

What are you doing for yourself black man?

Trying hard to be the original man - who?

The first man, with the first tan, on the first land

With the first clan, who gives a damn? ? ? !

In history krs is well advised

But it's something that my brain won't memorize

I don't base my whole life on memory

I base my life on my spirit and body chemistry

Africa is the home of humanity

Which makes the african a humanist, challenge me

You gotta learn not to be so concerned

With the original man, and see the criminal man, yeah!

The now man, with the now plan, with the now tan

With the right now genocide master plan

Damn! we gotta think about stopping this

God is not any black man on the land; God is consciousness

When you understand this you'll see kris

Until then, you can get dissed

I'm not your prophet, messiah, minister, or savior

Chill with that I'll behavior

I zero in like a laser

You're cuttin your wrists with a razor

I got all type of flavors

Yes I am the original teacher

You gotta study the qu'r'an, torah, bahavaghita

The bible, five baskets of buddha zen

And when you've read them shits, read them shits again!  
But watch what you're repeatin  
If you don't know the history of the author  
You don't know what you're reading!  
Yeah I'm still the original  
Leaving mc's lyrically miserable  
Their criminal syllables are minimal, show me respect boy  
Cause I build and destroy!

[kenny]now.. after all that  
If anybody out there still got beef, check it out  
We rip the lecture tours, we rip the beats  
We rip the jams, we'll straight up rip that ass  
Knowhati'msayin will?  
[will]word!  
[krs]yeah it seems they all forgot  
On the mic you'll get fucked up  
In the clubs you'll get fucked up  
Anywhere bronx brooklyn queens manhattan  
Jersey japan staten isle.. yo anywhere you'll get fucked up  
Don't you know we live for the battle?  
I'm outta here  
Yo cut that beat off

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Ruff Ruff"

[krs-one] \* voice echoing\*  
Think you dope? want this title?  
Then you better come step up or step off!

[freddie foxxx]  
Yo check this out, all jokes aside  
Let's get busy

[krs-one]  
Word! blastmaster krs-one in the house  
Hah, everybody for some reason wanna be a gangsta  
You don't know nuttin about bein no gangsta

[freddie foxxx]  
Worrrrrrd up! aiyyo check this out  
This is freddie f-o-x-x-x  
And guess what's next

[krs-one]  
Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, they wan fi chat  
Every posse wan fi chat, but ju knows dem is wack  
Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, they wan fi chat  
Every posse wan fi chat, but ju knows dem is wack  
Every posse wan fi chat, but ju knows dem is wack  
They jump pon the mic, an' wan fi do it like dat  
But ahh, now dis a krs, me nah takes dat  
When me open up to work, I put a cape on me back  
Then me, fly all around the emcee world  
Krs, the artical, is not to be [\*changes from patois\*]  
 Fucked with, ? with, or tampered with  
Don't give a fuck if you wanna riff  
But when you say kris, already derivative of kris  
My eyebrows lift and that ass I get with (huh)  
As a matter of fact, I attack, hijack  
Set back, your career, like a quarterback  
That broke his back, my tongue is like a bat  
Your eye'll get black, you'll need an icepack (rrrrruff!)  
I'm all that, come with your whole pack  
You'll be prayin to the God of isaac  
So freddie foxxx, it's time to get tough [uh-huh]  
Just, get on the mic and get ruff, ruff

[freddie foxxx]

Soon as I flex, cause I'm about to rip up shop  
It's the return of the hip-hop master, freddie the foxxx  
(bo!) rappers that see me, don't even speak, just walk  
Cause I'm the maddest nigga in new york (hah!)  
I see a rapper in the crowd that I don't like  
I wanna fight, so when I drop the mic  
I'ma jump off the stage, bumrush your crowd to whip  
(suckers) that wanna be pimps  
How I heard it said that a pimp'll sell his ass  
If his hoe won't, but freddie foxxx don't  
Cover your chest g, you better wear a bulletproof vest see  
Cause I'm about to leave this place a motherfuckin mess  
Open hearts on the floor as I explore  
Rappers that wanted to be more than number four  
Number one's a hard spot; either you fight  
Or get shot, so this is what I got (bo!)  
Three tec-9's, my uzi, ten grenades, my razor blades  
And I aim to get paid!  
So who wanna step to this, don't come soft  
Cause i'ma straight up knock niggaz off (pom! pom!)  
And when the cops come to get me  
I'ma take a dead body, and bop ten cops with me  
I'm sick and tired of hearin rappers talk smack  
About who's nice, and who's whack, motherfuck that  
They know my style, and my rep, every stage  
That I stepped on - I was the rapper they slept on  
But y'all rappers keep sleepin - cause when they plant  
Bombs in your house, i'ma wake you up and punch you  
In your motherfuckin mouth, knock your wife out  
Take your sons to safety, cause they're just kids  
And I wanna raise em to face me  
And when they get a little bigga  
I'ma mark them little niggaz, and put their fingerprints  
On the trigger -- double homicide, call the vice  
Another rapper and his family with no life  
Yeah you're mr. tough and, you're full of stuff and  
And freddie foxxx caught you bluffin  
I got you in my torture chamber and you scream  
Oh God damn, it's like \_silence of the lambs\_  
But I don't mangle em and eat em  
I take mc's to the war zone, and there I defeat em  
It gets much worse, with every verse  
As the f-r-e-d-d-i-e f-o-x-x-x, hurts!  
Punishes, stomps, smashes, crushes, maims  
You suckers know my name!  
Aiyyo kris! I'm rhymin long enough (say what? )  
Get on the mic and get ruff, ruff

This is the year that I go all out (why?)  
Edutainment's what I'm all about (and)  
I don't eat franks with the sauerkraut (cause)  
Because I don't eat pork from the tail to the snout  
(well kick it) get on down, to the hip hip hop  
Before I start, peace to scott larock! (word)  
Now let me drop the style that has action  
Cause many mc's don't believe they're rappin  
They're lost, crazy mixed-up in their identity  
This is not, what hip-hop is meant to be (word up)  
I come unique, I can't be beat, hardcore street  
For the kids, with a hundred-and-fifty on their feet  
(kick it) I don't compete, I defeat and delete ya  
Then critique ya, all mc's retreat, here comes the t'cha  
Chewin suckers like smuckers  
Hittin on, sittin on, shittin on, flippin on motherfuckers  
Yeah, I'm like the movie \_aliens\_  
I hide inside your right hand man, when you think you got me  
Bam! my head comes out your chest  
A mutilated mess of nastyness  
Chunks of bloody flesh, yes krs on the slaughter  
Specialize in instant rhyme style, you simply add water  
Evian, I pull the string then  
Ring-ding-ding, ding-ding-ding-ding  
Back in the days, I wrote +south bronx+  
The juice crew got stomped, lick two shot  
Pom! pom! really it was magic's fault  
Always wanna diss somebody, he got put to a halt  
It's wack, when a sucker dj babbles on  
Soupin up mc's to battle on song  
That's wrong, but in any event, I drop the classic  
In 1992 the original it ain't plastic  
Everybody know, bdp, is fantastic, burn like acid  
Credit card plastic, stretch like elastic  
Love and respect is the tactic  
Bam! in your motherfuckin face  
Krs in the place  
I never liked listening to bitches and hoes anyway  
(fi-yah!)

[freddie foxxx]  
Well you know I like hoes, cause I'm a mack  
But I don't like the wack tracks, youknowhati'msayin?  
And for all your suckers out there  
That underestimate the militant mack, get the bo-zack  
You know what I mean? (word) word!

[krs-one]  
You know why?

Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, they wan fi chat

Every posse wan fi chat, but ya knows dey is wack

Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, you know dem a wack

Every posse wan fi chat, but ya knows dey is wack

[freddie foxxx]

Yes.. fresh.. for nineteen-ninety-two you suckers \* echoes \*

[krs-one]

Motherfuckers! brrrrrrrrrrrrrr! \* echoes to fade \*

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "13 & Good"

I walked in the place very big space  
Every kind of race dancin' and niggas made chase  
A very pretty face, feel the bass  
Basses kick, flygirl jumps on my tip  
The drink that I sip implies this it it  
She looked to be about 26 I ain't dizzy  
It's time to get busy!!  
Welcome female is in my arms.  
Overwhelmed by my playboy charms  
We jumped in the ride rushed to the crib  
I ain't gotta explain what we did  
Built to last I simply waxed that  
Ax the question, no need for guessin'  
Hey baby, how old are you?  
21 24 maybe 22  
I'm twenty five  
She shucked and kinda neeghed  
And said, "hee, hee, hee I'm only 13"  
13!! I need a quick escape  
That's statutory rape  
But she was good!

Chorus:  
Good!  
(you should been there she was)  
Good!  
(man that jail term won't be)  
Good!  
(but she looked)  
Good!  
(man her brothers will beat you )  
Good!!  
(even if I get beat down it was still)  
Good!!

The story gets better, this girl is kinda clever  
She said, "i wanna be with you forever"  
I said, "forget it I need to get my life in order  
You could almost be my daughter"  
She started sighin' and her sighin' turns into cryin'  
Her cryin' turns into her replyin'  
"where's the phone? . I think it's time that I went home"  
She called her pops and said, "come get me I'm all alone

I'm sorry daddy I slept with an older man"  
He said, "don't worry. the 45 is in my hand.

I'll be there before you count to four."

One two three four

He's at my door

She said, "see what you did you caused me all this grief.

Your goin' to jail my daddy's a police chief.

If I can't have you no one will.

And I ain't even on the pill."

But you was

Chorus: repeat 6x

Good!!

Daddy walked in and the whole scene kinda changed  
He grabbed his daughter and almost beat the girl insane

She's cryin' down the hall and now goin' home

He closed the door and, "i'm happy we're all alone

Jump on the bed and look me straight into my eyes

I think your kinda cute, don't make me use my 45"

Daddy's lookin' for a lubricant

He pulled out a little piece of gum and started chemwin' it

He said, "for year I've been lookin for a big strong man

I've got an apartment out in brooklyn

Only my daughter and I live there

You can see my daughter anytime, anywhere

But it's you that I want to be mine

The price tag is your behind

Don't worry it'll be

Chorus:

Good!!

The morale of this story?

There is no morale you finish the story for me

When your livin' your life everyday in the hood

Wakin' up in the mornin' should feel

Good!

# **Boogie Down Productions Lyrics**

## **"Poisonous Product"**

Back off, crack off, slack off  
Act off your instinct  
And think in a wink, or blink  
I'll make your body shrink

I use ink and memory, my record companies selling me  
My fans be telling me I'm the greatest  
You hate this, rigid, metaphysical, criminal minded poet  
Don't blow it, if it's lost, I'll show it  
If it's torn, I'll sew it  
It's kinda off beat yeah I know it  
The styles I originate, I don't wait for fate  
I practice love not hate  
But mcs get ache  
They wait and hesitate on the act  
But always can debate on that trivial fact  
This is krs and I'm black!  
Same color as the brothers in iraq  
War is wack, especially when you die in vain  
Bush invaded panama, how can you really place blame on hussein?  
Regardless of the name, the insane economic game has got to change  
Like a range rover over the plains  
I come equipped to rip shit  
Not ignorant, intelligent - artistic - inquisitive - positive and negative  
The sedative is the poetry I give  
How yah live krs is in the house!

The poisonous product (is) pimped out to poor people  
Penetrates pieces of their thinking equal  
It comes in peaceful thru the "tell-lie-vision"  
Distorts your vision  
Now the lies got you wishin' thru transmission  
You wanna be a better christitan  
You wake up sunday mornin' to watch "tell-lie-vision"  
Mission - christians be sayin "accept jesus in your life"  
Christianity was founded 400 years after christ  
What are you accepitng in your life?  
Christianty or the teachings of christ?  
Make up your mind, they're not the same thing  
In 1992 the blind leads the blind  
Right into the ground they can't show you where God is  
Because they haven't found!

First - put down your Bible and release your sins

The Bible is dead, God is alive  
Within, metaphysically speaking, I'll be clear  
You wanna see god? take a look in the mirror!  
A tree is always known by it's fruit  
A human being can walk up right or crawl like a brute  
Yeah, now who do you salute? the barbarian teaches us to hate our roots!  
Despise our culutre, look for culture in another man's existance  
Resist this - resist this master plan...  
To turn the black man into a statistic  
Why? 'cause he's materialistic  
He wants to make a record but thru none of the logistics of it  
Love it or leave it alone  
Blastmaster krs is on the microphone  
In the houuuuuseee...

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Questions & Answers"

Yo kris whassup this press stuff man?  
Yo I don't money, I don't know, they frontin  
Yo why we don't get no respect?  
I don't know man  
They got all them gangsta lookalike, know y'know  
But you know what?  
All them fraud magazines I'm tired of  
I'm tired of us not bein on no covers  
But you know what?  
We rock the streets, anyway  
Regardless to what anybody say  
Well well, yo yo, I tell you  
As long as you rip up the streets  
You don't gotta have no press, youknowhati'msayin?  
That's right  
As long as you stay true to the streets  
All these wannabe black, black, black  
Black nuttin - you know, chewin all that black  
Cause they ain't really reportin nuttin on no black nuttin  
They wanna be right, and they wanna be, rap, and..  
That's why I read the final call  
The final call got it goin on, youknowhati'msayin?  
Yeah  
I mean, if you really wanna check out somethin black  
I mean, all these other magazines, they got  
They can only show you the light-skinned girl  
Or the light-skinned guy, and all of that, yaknowhati'msayin?  
I ain't with all that nonsense  
Ha hah, we won't name any names  
But they know who they are though!  
Ha hah, knowhati'msayin? watch yourself  
I don't know why we can't get no covers though!  
Yo kris, I don't why  
Cause we just slammin everywhere we go  
Yo, bdp been rockin for like six years now  
Six long hard rough years, youknowhati'msayin?  
And, and for some reason  
Everytime these commercial acts come out  
They get the cover the first..  
They could drop a twelve inch single  
And they be snatchin up the cover  
You know why? cause they don't wanna deal with reality  
In any of these magazines

Hey kris, I got the answer to all your problems  
What's that?  
Just interview yourself  
Interview myself?  
Yeah!  
Aight check it out  
Kick it!

[krs-one]

Question: why everything you do is fresh?

Answer: my name, blastmaster krs

Question: you only write reality, why?

Answer: no time to waste, our people are going to die

Question: going to die? please explain this topic

Answer: some people are using ignorance to make a profit

Question: how do we stop it?

Answer: throw em in a jail cell and lock it

Question: why, are people so stupid?

Answer: they got a brain and fail to use it

Question: how did it get like this?

Answer: people are more worried about ass and tits and

Little bits of information

The barbarians teach us just to be barbarians in the nation

This new creation

Takes on the manifestation of the board of education

Question: what's the solution?

Answer: organized, revolution

Question: revolution implies killing..

Answer: whether you fight or talk, the blood is

Still spilling, and we're chilling

Thinking of our history as elmer fudd

Everything, black people got in this country

They got through shedding their blood, word!

But they ain't gonna print all that

They too concerned about what you wearin

What kind of benz you got, or bm

But I think this year

Since we knockin all these sucker frauds out,

You might get some press

But when you talk that conciousness -

Nobody wants to listen

Word up, it's a crying shame though

I, ah-i tell you this though

If I was talkin sex and all that nonsense

I'd get all the covers

Yo kris, just chill, and interview yourself

That's what I like to hear

Aight aight check it out

[krs-one]

Everything you learned in law school  
Can be taught, when you're six years old  
But they make you wait and wait and wait and wait  
And wait, and of course, the information, is then sold  
But what if you can't afford to pay?  
You walk around ignorant all day!  
The pimp don't care, it's really your decision  
Kick up that money hoe!! oh, I mean tuition  
They be dissin, that ass you be kissin  
Sittin in a room with a liar, and you must listen  
Question: who are you dissin?  
Answer: the concept that turns a rapper, into a dancer  
Question: are you really all that fresh?  
Answer: yes, yes.. yes!  
Or, "si," to the people speakin spanish  
You better make use of krs, before he vanish

But all these magazines'll vanish before you will  
They better start printin the real real hip-hop  
From bdp  
Yo yo but check it out will  
They ain't interested in no real hip-hop  
They ain't interested in graffiti art, breakdancin  
And real rap music, they just wanna know where the money is  
Why why why?  
Yo I think some of these journalists  
Need to start gettin punched in they face  
Hah, I got a big fist

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Say Gal"

This one hyah, is a must  
Let top selector crush y'all with skill  
Cause ya know it's so skillful  
Long time for reggae music no hip-hop music  
Could take it with said speed  
So come.. bust!

[krs-one]

All you see in the newspapers nowadays  
Is nuff gal talk bout them been raped  
And them been molested and them been beat up  
And them been all sexed up, seen? hahahah  
But now krs-one comes to give you this  
Come down, come down, come down

Well now you're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom  
First you do the nasty, then he raped me  
You're creepin and you're sleepin with the stardom  
First you do the nasty, then he raped me

Say gal!why you comin to the hotel?  
Say gal! you wan good sex we can tell?  
Say gal! your skirt so tight it hug your butt  
Say gal! you're lookin like you really want.. want..  
Gal!don't tell me you can wear what you want  
Cause nowadays a most dem gal a dressin like a slut  
Say gal!a woman must, respect herself  
Say gal!so leave the see-through dress upon the shelf

Because you're creepin and you're sleepin with the stardom  
First you do the nasty, then he raped me  
You're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom  
First you do the nasty, then he raped me

Say gal! you don't wan man call ya bitch  
Say gal! you walk down the street with a switch  
Say gal! have the answer, control your body  
Say gal! you know you kyan't test me  
You wanna hug me, you're kinda sexy  
But if me rush up an' feel your body  
Boom! you run cry, "him a rape me"  
Boom! you run cry, "him a rape me"

Because you're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom

First you do the nasty, then he raped me

You're creepin and you're sleepin with the stardom

First you do the nasty, then he raped me

..

Say gal! krs keep one lady

Say gal! all ya kind, nah nobody rush me

Say gal! at the show, ya move ya body

But, I better show now what ya wan' with me

Don't try to set me up now witcha own demo tape

Don't try to set me up now wit the statutory rape

You wanna hug me, and try to sex me

But if me rush up an' feel your body

Boom! you run cry, "him a rape me"

Boom! you run cry, "him a rape me"

Because you're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom

First you do the nasty, then he raped me

Reeeeeeeeewind!

Now all hip-hop reggae crew

Hip-hop reggae crew in holland

Hip-hop reggae crew in london

Hip-hop reggae crew in germany

Hip-hop reggae crew in japan

Hip-hop reggae crew in l.a.

Hip-hop reggae crew in new york

We run tings every single time

Sydney mills, krs-one, kenny parker, d-square, seen?

Now all golddigger hold tight

Say gal! why you comin to the hotel?

Say gal!you wan good sex you can tell?

Say gal! your skirt so tight it hug your butt

Say gal!you're lookin you really want.. want..

Gal! don't say ya wear what ya want

Cause nowadays most gal dress like a slut

Say gal! a woman must, respect herself

Say gal! so leave that see-through dress up on the shelf

Because you're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom

First you do the nasty, then he raped me

You're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom

First you do the nasty, then he raped me

..

[kenny parker]

This should take five seconds

Yo, this is dj kenny parker in the house  
I just wanna say peace to my man bizmarkie

Epmd, de la soul, a tribe called quest  
Shabba ranks, ice-t over on the west coast

Nice and smooth, gangstarr

And umm kid capri

And yo check out this next beat

Cause it's kinda funky!

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "We In There"

Yeah.. ah, back to that old shit!  
For all you fake-ass teachers out there  
Aiyyo kris.. break this shit up!

[krs-one]

The type of lyrical terrorism I present  
Educates people, at the same time pays my rent  
You've been hearin me now for the past twelve semesters  
When the suckers stepped up, I had to use the drastic measures  
I know you want to step to me kid!  
But you're thinkin, "damn, kris is kinda big!"  
Plus he rolls wit a crew that don't care  
And drops a hit album, hit video, hit single every year  
From your eye drops a tear  
I don't play that shit, I play that hit  
Your whole gangsta image is not legit  
You heard \_criminal minded\_, and bit the whole shit  
Now if I punch you in your face I'd be wrong  
Don't even think about battling with a song  
You'll be gone, your career ain't strong enough to call my bluff  
You ain't rough, you ain't tough, you'll be handcuffed  
With your ribcage crushed  
Naked in a box, with multicolored tube socks  
You know my fuckin name  
Blastmaster krs is thinkin long range!

Yeah we in there, yeah yeah (repeat 4x)

[krs-one]

They are in there, like you'll soon be in prison  
(you await and this is faggot, your ass you'll be given)  
Who you kiddin? you're only tryin to rock a party  
You ain't really down to shoot nobody  
So why you frontin? sayin from the cops you be runnin  
In jail in a pair of panties you look just stunning  
You pop all that wannabe shit on vinyl  
Until your ass is bein pumped by some faggot named lionel  
In jail you ain't got respect  
You a fairy, I'll be takin your commisary  
And the picture of your sister, mister  
As seamy as pee-wee herman, I ain't trying to diss her  
This ain't no bullshit game and I ain't changed  
I'm just thinkin long range

People died so I can rhyme..  
You think I'm gonna grab the mic and waste my nation's time?  
Step up with that weak shit  
You're psychologically, historically, and spiritually sick  
Plus you're on my dick  
Changin the subject, your rhyme style ain't correct  
You know my fuckin name!  
Blastmaster krs is thinking long range!

Yeah we in there, yeah yeah (\*repeats\*)

Krs.. kenny parker.. willie d.. from long island  
Heather b.. ska-danks..  
D-square.. sidney mills..  
Ha-ohhhh.. go brooklyn, go brooklyn!  
Go bronx! (go brooklyn, go brooklyn!)  
The bronx! yell southside bronx!  
Southside bronx! southside bronx!  
Southside bronx! southside bronx!  
Southside bronx, arrrrrrrrrrrrgh!

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Sex & Violence"

Hu hah!  
Hah! hah! hah! hah! hah!  
And you just don't stop, fiyah!  
And you just don't stop  
Prince paul in the house, lick two shots  
Come down!pom pom! pom pom!  
Pom pom! check it out!

Sex and violence, sex and violence  
Sex and violence, we just can't take it  
Sex and violence, sex and violence  
Sex and.. wheela!

Nuff man dem come again my selectin  
On and on cause why? we run tings every time  
Uptown massive just settle  
Brooklyn chill out!  
Now we come down ruff and wicked from the bronx, seen?  
Come down my selector!

All crew just hold tight  
Nuff respect, check it out!

R&b now run tings again an'  
Rock'n'roll now run tings again an'  
Commercial rap star run tings again  
Pure hip-hop reggae run tings to the end, check it  
Shabba ranks him inna hip-hop style  
Ziggy marley inna hip-hop style  
? ? ? inna hip-hop style  
Krs-one in de dance, make a man go wild  
Krs the artical don  
Rock from ja-pan, all the way to brooklyn  
Open in the bronx, at the puerto rican  
In them ? area, say ooh no, bust shot  
Me never listen to all them slow jam  
They wanna talk bout a woman and man  
Give me a jam that, is not a scam  
Can you address mine self, who I am?

Check it!  
Check it!

Me don't wan sex and violence, sex and violence  
Sex and violence, we just can't take it  
Sex and violence, sex and violence  
Sex and violence, we just can't take it

Look on the radio, them talk bout sex  
Look man tv, there nuff violence  
Krs him always make sense  
But the radio station have no intelligence  
Inna america the problem is immense  
Inna england the problem is immense  
Up in the bronx, yes the problem is immense  
Every man and woman wan sex and violence  
You kyan't see this it's, ignorance  
You kyan't see there is no intelligence  
You kyan't see there is no common sense  
When you think of entertainment, there's sex and violence, so  
R&b now run tings again an'  
Country music now run tings again an'  
Commercial rap now run tings again  
Pure hip-hop reggae run tings to the end, check it  
Check it!

What? me don't wan, sex and violence, sex and violence  
Sex and violence, we just can't take it  
Sex and violence, sex and violence  
Sex and violence, we just can't take it

Everybody inna hip-hop style  
I.c.u. inna hip-hop style  
Krs inna hip-hop style  
Yes ? cause dance go wild  
You never know see a kid learn quick  
Him want money so him flash down lyric  
Him want money so him flash down lyric  
Pure, sucker screw but where him get it?  
Sucker screw is entertainment  
Sucker screw the people want it  
Sucker screw but we revere it  
So aids now becomes the epidemic

Me don't wan, sex and violence, sex and violence  
Sex and violence, we just can't take it  
Sex and violence, sex and violence  
Sex and violence, we just can't take it

R&b now run tings again an'  
Commercial rap now run tings again  
R&b now run tings again

Country music you're lookin at your end  
Krs the artical don!  
A from japan all the way to brooklyn  
Up in the bronx at the puerto rican  
In them ? area, say ooh no, bust shot

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "How Not To Get Jerked"

"and now, a word from our sponsor.."

[krs-one]

Now technically speakin I ain't 'sposed to be doin this  
Like givin information to the ones that are new to this  
You wanna make a record and get into the business?

Here's a little plan from a six-year witness

First you gotta understand the music game

It's not about fame, it's about a rich name

And who you're down with, and who you clown with  
But most of all, you got to have a gift ("it's like that")

Either music or the fresh lyrics

Or a vibe; people like to buy your spirit

Everybody knows krs-one is dope

To really see it, you gotta use a telescope, hah!

There's no hope when you're shoppin for a deal

Either sex appeal, or the hard street feel

But if you don't have a lawyer you're a goner

Don't even think about chillin in a sauna

You need a lawyer, and a good manager

Without this, the record companies won't be havin ya

So I'm grabbin ya now and showin ya how

Not to get jerked when you do hard work!

"it's like that y'all" \*16x\*

"one, two, three, whoo!"

[krs-one]

Yo, there's more to it, but let's get through it

Many mc's reached the top and then blew it

You say, "i knew it, that last jam was wack"

Either you're strung out on crack, or you don't wanna

Be black anymore, or, you don't wanna rap anymore

Or, you do a wack tour, or, you get in trouble with the law

Or, your fans you ignore, or, you get punched in the jaw

Cause, you're not hardcore!

What makes a jam isn't luck or fate

It's writin the jams that the people can relate to

Or else they'll hate you

The public will mark you down as a fake crew

You don't need allathat

Just rap from the heart and you'll have a good start

But a lot of mc's want girls  
And wanna live on top of the world  
In the jam they wanna flirt  
Here's how not to get jerked when you do hard work!

"it's like that y'all" \*16x\*

[krs-one]  
Now understand, rap is rebellious music  
Therefore, only the rebel should use it  
But pop artists abuse it  
When the audience hears real rap, they boo it  
See rap music is a culture  
And everyone outside that culture is a vulture  
The vulture makes money on the culture  
Understand, I ain't tryin to insult ya  
But you're either usin rap like the devil  
Or you're pushin rap to another level  
So don't wait for your company's promotions staff  
Promote yourself with your own cash!  
But this might mean you can't buy gold  
You might have to put that on hold  
Cause if the artist falls, they diss him!  
But if the company falls, the artist falls with them!  
This ain't about a tight skirt  
Here's how not to get jerked when you do hard work!

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Who Are The Pimps?"

Stick up!!!

All gwan put your hands up in de air  
And turn around with your face to the ground  
Stick up!!!

Here we go

Who are the pimps? Who are the pimps?  
Wimps, sitting behind a desk  
You only get a glimpse of the action or reaction  
When you don't respond to them TAXING  
You fuck a lot when you're tax exempt  
Like with the church, the rules were somehow bent  
The more money you make, the more money you can have  
You lose your mind after a while trying to just  
Grab and grab and grab and grab and grab  
Until the pimps roll around real mad, what they say?  
"Pick up that money hoe!"  
You done all the work, but now a part of the show  
You're a hoe, you pimped all around real fresh  
Got letters on they chest spelling I, R, S  
And they be taxing, asking, sitting back relaxing  
Pimping asian, european, blacks and chicano  
Hah hah! But they can't pimp a wino  
Why? Because a wino don't want nuttin  
It's when you try to get ahead they start frontin  
Capitalism -- the system of pimps and hoes  
I'm sorry that's the way it goes  
In this particular system everyone's a slave  
Racist is how they want us to behave  
White Johnny, be fighting black Michael  
Both are blind to the system's sick cycle  
In a circle psychotically they slay each other  
With a grin, because of color of a skin  
"Pick up that money hoe!" (3X)

Now we don't want to get you all alarmed  
A little education never did you no harm  
When Africa's free the African will be free  
Capitalism says we're ALL in slavery  
They're not looking at the color of a human brother  
April 15th they're looking at your mother!  
"Pick up that money hoe!"  
You work all week, and now your money has to go

To a pimp, and it's you that limp  
They cut your check and take a tenth  
Don't wanna hear no lip, about support of family  
Cause on a piece of paper that's a fantasy  
They don't care if you're in a bad mood  
Your wife needs shoes, your kids need food  
Uh-uh, pick up that money honey  
The pimps so serious they're funny!  
They'll look you straight into your face  
And tell you that your money's going to a good place  
Like Social Security or Welfare  
But if you go to the Bahamas you'll see them all there  
"Pick up that money hoe!" (4X)

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "The Real Holy Place"

Why are metaphysical teachings forbidden?

Why are metaphysical teachings forbidden?

Why are metaphysical teachings forbidden?

The only way to talk to God is in church?

Hah hah hah, you must be kidding

For years they kept God hidden

Look for God in self, not in what's written

Turn this up and listen

If your slavemaster wasn't a christian you wouldn't be a christian

\*whip cracks\*

If your slavemaster wasn't a christian you wouldn't be a christian

\*whip cracks\*

If your slavemaster wasn't a christian you wouldn't be a christian!!!

\*whip cracks twice\*

Your whole culture's missing

Hebrews are african, see they originated judaism

The belief in one God is monotheism, see the truth is not hard

All you gotta know is the facts

When religion mixes with politics... it all gets wack

You gotta know your history, or they'll tell you that God is a mystery

And when you're born, you're born in sin

That's bullshit. that's bullshit!

They're only saying you can't win

You can't succeed, you can't achieve

Don't ask about god, just sit there and believe

Well I ain't tryin to hear that lesson

Cause one thing I know

Cause one thing I know

Cause one thing I know is that the truth can always be questioned

Yeah that's how I'm livin

Ask and ye shall be given

When you're lyin, hah hah hah, you got no answers

You got handclappers and a whole lotta dancers

In the church or sanctuary

They all forgot jesus was a revolutionary

They all forgot jesus was a revolutionary

They all forgot jesus was a revolutionary!!!

That hung out with criminals

I would say read the Bible but it's not the original

So it's really misleading

If you don't know the history of the author you don't know what you're reading  
If you don't know the history of the author you don't know what you've read

You can't taste the nectar  
That answers the question on why I do lectures  
Cause where every mc claims to be the teacher, I be dissin professors  
Keep that Bible on your shelf  
God helps those that help themselves  
Stop reading from a dead book

Stop reading from a dead book for a live god!  
You know how stupid you look!  
God reads the Bible with you  
You both read the language of the devil that's dissing you  
What can the next man do  
With a Bible in his hand that you yourself can't do?  
Whether christian, buddhist, muslim, or jew  
Burning candles don't get you down with the universal crew

So why you dress up on easter and worship a false mary  
That looks like mona lisa? hah hah, damn you lost  
On christ-mas, what's the purpose of santa claus? \*bells jingle\*  
On christ-mas, what's the purpose of santa claus? \*bells keep jingling\*  
On christmas what's the purpose of santa claus!!!  
Or saint nickalaus, I'm sick of this wickedness  
All revolutionaries check this

I'm not synthetic  
I'm not anti-christian, anti-muslim, anti-buddhist, or anti-semetic  
But I will set it off in the temple  
Cause the real holy place is mental  
The real holy place is mental  
The real holy place is mental \*starts echoing\*  
The real holy place is mental \*echoing a lot\*  
The real holy place is mental!  
The real holy place is mental!!!

Mental-physical, metaphysical